I hate him, for he is a Chriſtian:
But more, for that in low ſimplicitie
He lends out money gratis, and brings downe
The rate of uſance here with us in *Venice.*
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I beare him.
He hates our ſacred Nation, and he railes,
Even there vvhere Merchants moſt doe congregate,
On me, my bargaines, and my well-won thrift,
Which he cals Intereſt: Curſed be my Tribe
If I forgive him. *Baſſ. Shylocke*, doe you heare?
Shyl. I am debating of my preſent ſtore,
And by the neere gueſſe of my memorie,
I cannot inſtantly raiſe up the groſſe
Of full three thouſand Ducats: vvhat of that?
Tuball a wealthy Hebrew of my Tribe
Will furniſh me; but ſoft, how many months
Doe you deſire? Reſt you faire good Signior,
Your worſhip vvas the laſt man in our mouthes.
Ant. Shylocke, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking nor by giving of exceſſe,
Yet to ſupply the ripe wants of my friend,
Ile breake a cuſtome: is he yet poſſeſt
How much ye would? *Shyl.* I, I, three thouſand ducats.
Ant. And for three months.
Shyl. I had forgot, three months, you told me ſo.
Well then, your Bond: and let me ſee, but heare you,
Me thought you ſaid, you neither lend nor borrow
Vpon advantage. *Ant.* I doe never uſe it.
Shyl. When *Iacob* graz'd his Vncle *Labans* Sheepe,
This *Iacob* from our holy *Abram* vvas
(As his wiſe Mother vvrought in his behalfe)
The third Poſſeſſor; I, hee vvas the third.
Ant. And vvhat of him, did he take Intereſt?
Shyl. No, not take Intereſt, not as you would ſay
Directly Intereſt; marke vvhat *Iacob* did,
When *Laban* and himſelfe vvas compremiz'd,
That all the Eanelings vvhich vvere ſtreak't and pied

Should

Should fall as *Iacobs* hire, the
In end of Autumne, turned to
And vvhen the worke of gene
Betweene theſe woolly bree
The skilfull Shepherd pyl'd n
And in the doing of the deed
He ſtucke them up before the
Who then conceaving, did in
Fall party-colour'd Lambs, a
This was a way to thrive, and
And thrift is Bleſſing, if men
Ant. This vvas a venture
A thing not in his power to b
But ſwaid and faſhion'd by th
Was this inſerted to make In
Or is your gold and ſilver, E
Shyl. I cannot tell, I mak
But note mee Signior.
Ant. Marke you this, *B*
The Devill can cite Scripture
An evill ſoule producing hol
Is like a villaine with a ſmili
A goodly apple rotten at the
O what a goodly out-ſide Fa
Shyl. Three thouſand Duc
Three months from twelve,
Ant. Well *Shylocke*, ſhall
Shyl. Signior *Anthonio*,
In the Ryalto, you have ra
About my monies and my
Still have I borne it with a
(For ſuffrance is the badge o
You call me miſ-beleever,
And ſpet upon my Jewiſh
And all for uſe of that vvhic
Well then, it now appeares
Goe to then, you come to m
Shylocke, we would have m

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